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FIVE MONTHS' SPORT

IN

SOMALI LAND.

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IN

SOMALI LAND

BY

LORD WOLVERTON

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

BY

COLONEL PAGET

LONDON: CHAPMAN & HALL, LD.

1894

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LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE
Colonel Paget	3
Our Camp	7
Camel feeding, Native Zareba in distance	11
Abdi (our Interpreter) and our Natives	17
My first Lion	25
Pony and Syce crossing the dry bed of the River Faf	31
Lioness shot by A. Paget	37
Three Miles an Hour	41
Lord Wolverton	45
Native Tamasho	49
Oryx	53
Owl, or Sœmmeringi Gazelle	56
Camp near Warandab	63
Two Lions shot by A. Paget	69
River Shebeyli	81
Crossing the Shebeyli on a Raft	85
Sheep tethered up for Crocodile	89
Zebra Grevü	91
Result	93
Giranook—Gazelle	96
Somali Natives near Galadi	97
Chotah Koodo	101
Our Ostriches	105

FIVE MONTHS' SPORT IN SOMALI LAND.

IN the early part of November, 1892, after two months of preliminary preparation, we, namely, Arthur Colonel Paget, who will in future in these pages be described as Arthur, and I found ourselves ready to start on our expedition to Somali Land in search of sport and adventure. Mr. Vine, our cartographer, had been previously dispatched in charge of our instruments and heavy baggage, and on his arrival at Berbera had commenced purchasing the sixty-six camels necessary for the transport of our food, water, ammunition, etc. On our arrival at Aden we were most hospitably entertained by the Governor-General Jopp, to whose kindness the success of our expedition was largely due, for the country we were about to visit comes under the Government of Bombay, and under this is included Aden and the port of

Berbera, on the African coast. Having been preceded by Arthur, I found on my arrival at Aden that I had little time left, and that after thanking my kind host and hostess, I had to cross over as quickly as possible and join the expedition, which had already started, and was about forty miles ahead of me, inland. When I reached Berbera I was most kindly greeted by Captain Abud, the British Resident there, and to whom our thanks are also due for kindly assisting us in our undertaking.

Berbera, latitude $10^{\circ} 23' N.$, longitude $45^{\circ} 7' E.$, our starting-point, was handed over to the English by the Egyptians when they were placing their affairs in order in 1884, and is a white and glaring exhibition of Egyptian architecture. For ten miles inland the British Protectorate is established, but for about 100 miles more British influence has spread, and Englishmen are looked upon with fearsome and sometimes friendly eyes. It all depends upon how far they will close their eyes to the almost daily routine of camel and cattle stealing which is proceeding around them. And now a word about our expedition and its component parts. Arriving as I did at Berbera about four days after Arthur, I proceeded on my pony with

COLONEL PAGET.

six camels, my cook, syce, and interpreter, to pick up the main body. The first 100 miles lie, at first, over a gradually inclining plain, with about every twenty-five miles a tree under which it is possible, during the heat of the day, to pitch a tent ; then the ground begins to change, and becomes more mountainous, but mountainous in the sense so familiar to the African traveller, consisting, as it does, of a plain dotted with two or three sugar loaves, which in the distance appear to be mountains, but which on closer inspection and owing to the continued and gradual ascent of the ground, turn out to be merely small hills of a rocky and barren formation and generally not more than from 200 to 300 feet in height.

Having thus travelled about eighty miles, I suddenly came on the main body of the expedition, and was glad to find that, so far, Arthur was satisfied with the men and camels. The afternoon was taken up with musketry instruction, and we found that our men were in a position to go one better than the ordinary individual who is unable to hit a haystack ; but we consoled ourselves with the fact that their bark would be sufficient, and that if shooting “with intent to kill” became

necessary, matters would depend on Arthur, Vine (our cartographer), myself, and our two shikaries. We then made the round of the camp in time to see the sixty-six camels being driven in for the night, and as there were no lions near and only a few hyenas, a zareba was dispensed with. The sole precaution we took was to leave their loads in the form of a circle, so as to keep out straying hyenas which might be attracted by the fires around the camp. Early to bed that night and an early start on the morrow, as our march was to commence in earnest. Our plans to that effect having been settled, and having seen that the four sentries on duty were wide awake, we retired, Arthur and myself in one tent, Vine in the other.

"Show a leg, show a leg," was the cheery salutation of Arthur at four o'clock the next day, and amidst a perfect babel of native voices and camels protesting against their loads, we dressed ourselves and proceeded to breakfast, leaving the camp at about 4.45, and marching till eleven. This routine we continued for three days, till we reached Hergeiza, 4000 feet above the level of the sea. From this point we had to cross a waterless tract of country for about

OUR CAMP.

one hundred miles, and the difficulty will be easily understood when I explain that including the cafala (native name for camels, donkeys, ponies, etc.), our expedition consisted of eighty-eight men, sixty-six camels, a large herd of sheep and oxen, seven donkeys and eight ponies. For all these water had to be carried; besides, we feared that even the camels, who will go without water for four or five days, would perhaps require a little. The water for the natives is carried in a basket-work case called a harn, and holds from seven to eight gallons, our own water being in tins especially constructed by Silver from a design of ours. They should be strongly recommended to any future follower in our footsteps. We spent the day trying to hire camels from the natives to carry our extra water supply, and managed, after considerable difficulty, to procure ten. We had been requested by the courteous Governor of Aden, General Jopp, not to begin shooting, except just for food, till we got to Milmil, which is the other side of this waterless Haud. The reason for this request was that officers from Aden being unable to get leave for more than three weeks or so, come over and get a little shooting without requiring a

large expedition such as ours, and consequently it would have been extremely selfish on our parts, knowing that we were going to a country stocked with game, to go popping in the preserves of the aforesaid officers, so we willingly promised and willingly carried out the wishes of the General, who had helped us in every way. At this point our troubles began, and that from a quarter whence we least suspected it.

On my return to the camp, having been out shooting guinea-fowl for the pot, I heard from Arthur that all our men were in a state of revolt. I learnt that he had given them a camel for their rations to-day, a delicacy to them, their usual allowance being one pound of rice and half a pound of dates per man per day, but they had taken exception to the animal not being fat enough. The evening was now beginning to close. There was a rebellion in camp and before us a waterless tract to get over; firmness was our only chance, as, if we had given way an inch on this, their first try-on, our lives would hardly have been worth living. What was to be done,—eighty-eight revolutionists and three white men? Arthur proposed to call all the men up and ask those who supported “law and order,” i.e.

CAMEL FEEDING, NATIVE ZAREBA IN DISTANCE.

agreed to eat the camel, to go on one side, those representing anarchy to go on the other side.

To this I heartily agreed, so just as the twilight set in the men were called up, addressed by Arthur, with the result that only four came over to the side of law and order. The situation was serious indeed, as with these men as a guard we proposed to travel through a country which we believed to be hostile.

The men are dismissed, and we proceed to dinner, making up our minds to repair after the meal to the men's quarters and to disarm the lot of them. After dinner we quietly got our pistols and proceeded singly into the men's quarters. First we took all their rifles, then their bayonets, and finally all their spears. The natives, owing to the suddenness of this manœuvre, appeared to be taken aback and quietly gave up their weapons. Being virtually masters of the situation, and having determined to keep guard in turns over the arms, we turn in, one of us being left as sentry till relieved. Early next morning it becomes apparent that the men are cowed, and on again being summoned they all agree to submit, so after having picked out eight camel-drivers, whom we had suspected of being the ringleaders, we discharge them on the spot, and Arthur having through

the interpreter brought home to them the enormity of their offence, the rest are dismissed to their quarters, having first had their arms returned to them. Here ended our first lesson.

We determine to start the next day, the 25th November, across the waterless tract of country which lies before us, the first water being found, as will be seen by reference to the map, at Milmil, about 100 miles south of our starting-point of Hergeiza. The morning air is chilly as we turn out next day at four, breakfasting in the dark outside our tent before a wood fire; our two dogs, Irish terriers, by name Jerry and Blackie, are barking at the camels, which are lying prepared to receive their loads, and add infinitely to the confusion, as a dog to a Mahomedan is an unclean animal and as he, the Mahomedan, finds it necessary to lift up his flowing tobe, i.e. the flowing garment which constitutes his dress, every time the dogs go by, for fear of contact and consequent pollution, which can only be eradicated by washing seven times. So we determine to employ a boy of a lower caste, called Midgan, to look after Jerry and Blackie, and it is sad even now, looking back, to think how short his

job is going to be. We have both become very fond of our two little doggies, and have felt for them much on the march, as when the sun gets up it has been very trying for them; in fact, we have often seen them stop about every hundred yards and lie panting under the lee side of a bush for a minute or two, and then struggle on again, looking out for another bush which would afford them a momentary shelter from the pitiless rays of an equatorial sun. On the whole, we cannot recommend dogs in this part of Africa, as, when they are wanted, it is too hot for them to work.

Our bugle now sounds the advance, and off we start, sheep and oxen first, then our eighty camels carrying our baggage supplies, and last, but not least, our water. Arthur elects to ride on the right of the column and I on the left, Vine being employed to look after the cafala and to keep the men up to their work. This formation we kept up all through our expedition, having issued orders that in case of attack the leading camels were to stop so as to allow the others to come up.

We placed twelve armed men in front and twelve

armed men brought up the rear, the rest marching on each side.

And now, before I proceed, let me remark upon the wonderful power of endurance of the Somalis. They start quite cheerfully away on empty stomachs and march till eleven, when we pitch camp, an operation of about half an hour; then the camels have to be driven off to feed, and with luck, perhaps, at twelve the men will have their rice, their next meal being at eight at night; and we have frequently known them go in times of excitement a day and night without touching either food or water, yet at the same time, if we shoot anything, they will devour it all, being absolutely improvident as to the future. Our interpreter, by name, Abdi, who, on a previous expedition had been employed by Arthur, was a man of quite superior qualities, quiet, refined, deeply religious, and absolutely convinced of the superiority of his religion. Not for one moment did he question the will and force of the white man. Abdi gained at once not only our respect but also our confidence.

We now began to pass through a country showing traces of game. Owing to the sandy nature

ABDI (OUR INTERPRETER) AND OUR NATIVES.

of Somali Land it is possible to track animals, the only difficulty being in distinguishing old from new tracks, and at this our Shikaries are adepts. During the months of dry weather the Haud is deserted by the natives, who, finding the grass drying up, remove either nearer the coast, where water is more or less abundant, or further south in the direction whither we were going. The consequence is that for six days, with the exception of one *cafala* of about 100 camels on their way to Berbera, we meet nobody.

That evening, on pitching camp, Arthur hears news of fresh tracks of oryx, a large antelope as big as a mule and with straight horns. The female has horns also, and in the distance it is very difficult to distinguish between the two. Arthur starts off, and Blackie, one of our dogs, elects to go too : but well trained though he may have been at home, the sight of a herd of about twenty oryx is too much for him, and off he starts, spoiling Arthur's stalk, and, as we eventually found out, going to his doom in the shape of a *bonne bouche* for a panther. The same night a panther jumps into our zareba and tries to carry off a sheep, but is driven off by the sentry on duty.

A high expectation of sport is almost certain to counteract a feeling of monotony ; yet one cannot help confessing that the country is not picturesque. Hence, our arrival at Milmil, situated on a river called the Faf, on the sixth day of our leaving Hergeiza, was hailed with intense satisfaction. This river runs only for two months in the year, the other ten it is a sandy bed used by the natives as a road, but we found water again by scraping in the sands. The natives believe that the water flows under the sand some considerable time after the surface water has ceased to flow, and that it collects in rocky places. It is certainly to be found at irregular intervals all down the Faf, and it is also a fact that animals of all kinds are cognisant of this, for a well will attract game of all description, which, although I am convinced that they can in this curious country exist absolutely without water, will at the same time frequently, if undisturbed, come down to drink.

Our camp is pitched in a most picturesque spot, at a small tributary, running at an angle of the main river ; our zareba is made, and we determine to give the camels, sheep, horses, and

men a day's rest, which they have well earned. As for ourselves, for the first time for six days, we feel ourselves entitled to have a bath. In the middle of the night I am awakened by heavy groans from Arthur. He is evidently in great pain, and tells me between his groans that he fears he has been poisoned by something he has eaten: most probably some tinned meat, but by the application of two mustard plasters externally, and chlorodyne internally, a hot water bottle and some very hot whisky and water, he is relieved, and I again turn in. The next morning I take a stroll with my rifle down the bed of the river, and am fortunate enough to shoot a fine wart hog. Pig being an unclean animal, I have myself to chop off his head and I return in triumph to camp, leaving the body in the bed of the river. At tiffin I find Arthur much better, and when a few minutes later a camelman arrives with the news that he has seen a panther in the act of dragging away the body of the dead wart hog, I see by Arthur's face that further doctoring is unnecessary. We at once start in pursuit, and find the panther lying up in a small bush. Arthur has the shot, and proves by planking him between the eyes that he is quite

convalescent. We find that the wart hog has entirely vanished, so the panther must have had a good appetite and immense strength to have dragged the wart hog to such a distance.

On returning to camp we find a native, who tells us that there are some villages about twenty miles down the river, and invites us to come down with him the next day, and promises that a tamasho shall be arranged if we consent to come. So at four next morning we march, and at 10.30 arrive at the villages. The Somalis, being nomads, have no permanent villages, being satisfied with stretching camel rugs over sticks as tents and building up a big zareba, into which at night they drive their camels, etc., and other possessions. Directly the grass in the neighbourhood is exhausted they move on. They have attained a very high degree of philosophy, for at any moment they may be raided by their neighbours and reduced to absolute starvation, and not only have they the fear of their neighbours but also that of the Abyssinians, of whom and of whose atrocities the reader shall hear more anon.

The next day is a day full of excitement to myself, for very early a native arrives with the news

that a lion has been heard round their zareba; so at 5.30 we start off, and true enough we see the fresh tracks in the sand. A description may not perhaps be out of place here of our way of procedure: The shikaries take up the track itself, Arthur being on the right, myself on the left, as the country is sandy and good tracking ground, with here and there a likely place for a lion to lie up, either in high grass or in a thick bushy place, with perhaps a fair-sized tree or an enormous ant-hill to give shade to the lion during the heat of the day. On arriving at such a place the shikaries first track the lion in and then very quietly steal round to see if there are any tracks of his leaving it again.

On this, my first day, we are evidently on the track of a hungry lion, as time after time we find likely places through which he passed. It is now 10.30, the sun is high and we begin for the first time to feel the weight of our .577 rifles. The lion has taken us through more or less of a circle, and we are now again near the villages. The track is getting fresher, our spirits rise and we suddenly hear excited shouts about 100 yards ahead of us. We press on and, as anticipated, we

find that the lion has just killed a bullock, but has been driven off by the villagers. We, in our turn, drive off the villagers, telling them that we will kill the lion for them if they leave the bullock.

After which we proceed to cut down two mimosa bushes as a screen, and Arthur and I ensconce ourselves behind it. We are now about to witness one of the most vivid scenes from nature that it has ever been my good fortune to behold. Scarcely had we settled quietly than down swooped at least a score of enormous vultures who, without a moment's delay, began to devour the dead bullock. But they were not to be undisturbed, for at that moment three little heads of three foxes appeared almost simultaneously from three different sides of the surrounding jungle, but foxlike—

And as they run they look behind,
And hear a sound on every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

A battle now commenced between the huge vultures and the foxes; it was waged with the utmost vigour on both sides, and nothing could be more delightful than to see the pluck of these little foxes fighting against such great odds. Suddenly a feeling of unrest makes itself felt; the

MY FIRST LION.

vultures, either quicker scented, or perhaps having a better view, raise the alarm, and leave the foxes in possession, retiring to a tree near at hand and awaiting further developments. They have not long to wait, for at that moment a natural alley, between two thickets of mimosa fully facing us, is entirely filled by the majestic head of a magnificent lion. He stalks slowly down the alley and casts a contemptuous glance at the foxes who slink away. Onward he comes, apparently in no hurry. The food is there and he has slaked his thirst previously on the blood. Arthur, having previously killed many lions, very kindly gives me the shot, and just as the lion reaches the carcass I fire, hitting him just below the eye. One's natural impulse is to jump up, but I am restrained by Arthur, who whispers that it is very probable that the lioness will follow. We wait about half an hour in the hopes that she will come. It is evident that she is about as the vultures continue the process of digestion and do not again approach, but it is now getting very hot, so we determine to have a beat of the surrounding bushes with the hope of finding her. We beat around, but without success, and leaving

two shikaries to skin the lion, we choose a tree affording a little shade, and eat our tiffin, which consists of hot tea and sardines. One might ask, perhaps naturally, "Why hot tea?" but considering that the water in our water bottles is quite hot, we find that defeating nature is most refreshing.

The skinning operations being concluded, we return to camp, a distance of about six miles, looking forward to a quiet siesta during the heat of the day, the hottest time being from 2.30 till 4.30. News travels quick in this country, and no sooner have we arrived at camp, preceded by our shikaries singing the peculiar pæan of praise which is customary on these occasions, than we are waited upon by a deputation of natives from some other villages about seven miles off, with the news that five lions have attacked a herd of camels, killing two, and also the camel-driver who was looking after them. Our first feelings are those of scepticism, but on the assumption that there is never smoke without some fire, we determine to ride to the villages where the supposed disaster has taken place, and find out for ourselves whether there is any truth in the story that has been told us; so ordering our ponies and preceded by the native deputation,

we set out again. The only fit description for the sun is that it is coming down in torrents, and we are both pleased when we catch sight, after having ridden for over an hour, of what appears to be another deputation of natives advancing in our direction. On nearer approach we see that they are carrying something, and when they draw sufficiently near we discover that they are carrying the body of the camel-driver who had been killed by the lions.

Arthur is furious with them for having moved the body, for if they had only left it as they were told to leave the bullock that morning, we should have been certain to have killed at least one of the lions. Arthur now, through our interpreter Abdi, enters into lengthy negotiations for the body of the native; but it appears that a religious question arises, as it always does arise with natives, for it seems that their religion and custom enjoin them to bury a body which has been subject to a violent death before sundown, on the penalty of its being houriless in the world to come; and as the man was in life evidently well favoured by nature, I take pity on him and make out such a strong case to Arthur about the iniquity of his request, know-

ing the penalty, that at last he reluctantly desists, and the native is duly consigned before sundown to mother earth, and the prospect of unlimited hours.

We now visit the scene of the disaster, and are quite satisfied that at least three lions have been at work. The light beginning to fail, we determine to leave Vine, our cartographer, in a zareba close to where the native had been dragged by the lion, and where he had been dropped, as we see by the blood in the sand.

We return to camp and are joined early next morning by Vine, who tells us that he has heard the lions all night, but, owing to the darkness, has been unable to get a shot. After that we make up our minds, to the evident delight of the natives, to move our camp to the scene of the disaster, for as it is evident that these lions must kill something every night, we are not without hopes that we shall quickly obtain reliable "khubber," and be able to follow and shoot these enemies of society.

It is interesting to inquire how the native mind is affected, and it appears that they treat matters in the philosophical spirit in which a London insurance company treats a fire. They anticipate every year

PONY AND SICE CROSSING THE DRY BED OF THE RIVER FAF.

a percentage of loss. Sometimes it is high, sometimes low, and as they have no means, and less inclination, to kill the lions, they fall back on Kismet and are comforted. With regard to the loss of human life, we are told that should a big man, i.e. a chief, be killed by a lion, the whole village would turn out and hunt the lion, until he became exhausted, when they would attack him with their spears, but brave as we know the Somalis to be, we are still inclined to accept this story *cum grano*, and during all our travels we did not come across a single case where this had occurred.

We are now naturally incensed against these man-eaters, and determine to spare three or four days in trying to exterminate them. Our camp is pitched on the banks of the bed of a dry river close to some wells, the only ones within a radius of about ten miles. This river is called the Faf, and takes its name from a district about two hundred miles further south, which is productive of good grass, and where for the first time we came across cultivation. The day is spent in quietly gaining information about the sport to be obtained. We are told that if we travel about three days' journey north-west we shall get

into a country full of rhinoceros and oryx, that we shall have no difficulty in approaching the rhino, and that altogether we shall be in a sportsman's paradise.

Having gained all the information necessary, we go out together, shooting for the pot, taking our one remaining dog, who acquits himself bravely. The small game we are after consist of pheasants, partridges, and dik dik, a very pretty and also, I believe, the smallest specimen of the deer tribe known, being about the size of a hare, but otherwise entirely differing from the latter, as it has thoroughbred legs, and two tiny horns, no fur, and would, I should think, give the proverbial tortoise a furlong in a mile, and a good beating in the bargain. Economy of cartridges is ordered, so we try to get as many ground shots at the pheasants and partridges as possible, endeavouring always to get three or four in a row before wasting a shot, as transport questions arose before leaving Berbera, and considering the weight of shot cartridges plus the large supply of ammunition and ball cartridges that we have to carry, we have, of necessity, to be very careful of the 500 rounds allowed to each of us for our

paradox guns. We now return to camp and dine well off dik dik soup, curried pheasant and roast partridge.

The reader will now, I am afraid, become rather wearied of stories of lion shooting, but as we have killed between us sixteen lions during the expedition, and have not yet ourselves become *blasés*, perhaps he may be induced to bear with us still, as the following account will prove that a lioness is not less mindful of her whelps than her mate, for during the night it becomes evident, by the fidgety state of our camels in the zareba, that either lions or panthers are prowling about outside. It is, of course, too dark to see, so we await the dawn, when, in the event of our suspicions being confirmed, we shall be able to see the tracks in the sand.

At 5.30 the zareba is opened and the shikaries return with the news that they have found the fresh tracks of a lioness all round the zareba, and they maintain that it is the wife of the lion killed two days ago, who had scented the body of her husband, which was pegged out and drying in our zareba; and I have now no doubt that such was the case, for starting at once, I followed the tracks for about

four hours in a direction due north of our camp, and came to a piece of jungle which was evidently the deserted home of the lion I had previously shot and of the lioness I was now in pursuit of. She had returned to their ordinary trysting-place, and not finding him there, retraced her steps, with me on her trail back again, to our zareba. I thought then that my shikaries were mistaken, and that they were on the old track made by her when she paid us a visit in the night. The track was now obliterated, as it was crossed and recrossed by our camels who were feeding all round, so I returned to tiffin and related proceedings to Arthur. Hardly have we commenced, when we hear excited cries, and one of our shikaries appears with the news that the lioness, evidently now hungry, has been seen stalking one of our camel-drivers, who was lying asleep under a bush not 200 yards from camp. We seize our rifles and are off in pursuit. We are soon in full cry, and Arthur gets the shot, hitting her a little aft as she gallops past; we pursue and find her growling in a bush, where Arthur promptly despatches her to join her mate, and we return to our lunch, the whole episode only lasting a quarter of an hour.

LIONESS SHOT BY A. PAGET.

The account of the next day's sport is tersely described in the diary I kept, as follows: Arthur and I tracked lion and lioness about eight miles, came up with them, but could not get a shot. News on our return to camp of a lion having killed a camel. Arthur started in pursuit, and at sundown came upon a half-eaten camel; made zareba, and waited; lion returned to finish his meal, but found many hyenas devouring it, so many, indeed, that he had to retire; Arthur says he spent a most naturalistic night.

The following day I am lucky enough to kill another lion, as, dropping on a fresh track, I follow it for about two hours and find a lion in a small patch of jungle; he is driven out to me and with the first shot I break his spine, and find that he is a fine, dark-maned lion considerably over ten feet long. We have now been here three days, and after the roving life we have been leading, we both agree that to cease to change is to cease to live, consequently, next morning, December 11th, we move about twenty-five miles N.N.W. towards a part of the country which we have been told is inhabited by rhino. This march of twenty-five miles in one

day with such a large *cafala* is the longest we take during the expedition, as experience soon proves that this is the utmost to be got out of camels who have still two or three months' work before them. The average pace of a Somali camel is a trifle over three miles an hour, so, roughly speaking, to accomplish a march of twenty-five miles we must go three miles an hour for eight hours. This means bugle at four, the start at five, marching till eleven, then a mid-day halt and off again from four to six when darkness sets in. The loading and unloading of so many camels four times a day we find to be unwise, as it does not give the camels sufficient time in which to feed. A.'s camel is quite the reverse of a gross feeder; he leisurely takes a bite here and a bite there, but never settles down to a real good meal. As we are travelling up the river, or rather dry river-bed, we are naturally ascending, which makes perhaps the pace a little slower, and it is quite 6.30 when I join Arthur with the main body of the expedition. He has ridden on ahead, accompanied by his two shikaries whom we have mounted for the occasion; they are natural horsemen, riding barebacked, and also carefully carrying a

THREE MILES AN HOUR.

heavy rifle, by no means an easy task. We have ourselves adopted buckets as used by cavalry for our rifles and find them very useful, as it is impossible to be without one either in the bucket or in the hands of the shikaries behind one. The rifles must also be loaded, adding, of course, to the risk of an accident, but such risks must always be run by those in pursuit of dangerous game.

With regard to rifles, I am now coming round to the opinion held by Arthur, and I believe also by Selous, Lord Coke, and Sir John Willoughby, that, for everything, except elephant, rhino, and buffalo, small bore-rifles with lots of powder are the best.

Next day we were to have an example of the extraordinary tenacity of life of a lion who has not been hit in exactly the right place. As I have previously stated, Arthur had cantered on ahead to the wells where we proposed to pitch our camp, and on my arrival he told me that he had received reliable khubber about two lions, who were just now the *bêtes noires* of the villages here, and that he was going to make a small zareba close to the wells, in front of which he was going to tether up a donkey and sit up all night in hopes that the

lions may come. Being tired, I turn in early, and at sunrise Arthur returns, having shot one lion and having seen the first tracks of a very large one, which he invites me to join in following. He tells me that it was a grand sight, the spring of the lion. It was a dark night and the donkey did not seem to fear the hyenas who were prowling and growling around. Up till three the donkey remained quiet, then he suddenly began to quiver, the second after down he fell with six hundred weight of lion on his back. The lion had sprung on to the donkey's back, digging his claws and teeth into the poor donkey's neck; after slaking his thirst, he lay down for a moment the better to enjoy the feast that was before him. He then leisurely rose and stalked towards the dead donkey; at that moment Arthur fired and sent him to join his victim in that land from which there is no return.

We breakfast quickly, both of us instinctively feeling that we have a big day before us, which feeling is increased when two natives arrive with the news that the lion who is still at large, has, during the night, jumped into their zareba and carried off a donkey, which he had entirely devoured; that he had come a second time and

LORD WOLVERTON.

carried off a goat, which he had also eaten. We are on his track in no time, and it becomes evident very soon from the size of the foot that he is a very big one. It is not altogether very easy tracking, as in places the ground is stony, but by patient work about eleven o'clock we come to a nullah where it's all Lombard Street to a China orange that our lion is lying up. It's a big patch of dry grass, so we determine to fire it. The crackling begins, and as I am down wind I get the benefit; the heat is very great, and I am nearly blinded by the smoke, but luckily for me I see a long tail high above the grass as the lion bounds along pointing in the direction of Arthur. He has a difficult runaway shot, the angle being wrong; he fires twice with his .577, and twice with his paradox, hitting each time, but not at a dangerous angle. The lion disappears in the smoke, and we naturally believe after such a fusillade that it's all over but the shouting. We send the shikaries to make a circle round, and they return with the news that the lion is still within the circle. We wait about twenty minutes; Arthur is of opinion that the lion is in a bushy place on the right, and advances with his two shikaries with rifles full cock up the nullah. As

they proceed and are nearly past the bush one of the shikaries catches a fleeting glimpse of the lion in a bushy place to the left. We now know where we are. To draw him out we order one of our shikaries to fire at random into the bush, we ourselves standing about twenty yards away. Instantly he dashes out straight for Arthur, who fires twice, his shikaries once, and myself once, making an absolutely perfect pattern of four bullets in the form of a crescent on his forehead; he rolls back, but is up again in an instant, going as before straight for Arthur, who, having only an empty rifle left, lowers it in the hopes that he will catch hold of it and give him time to get out his knife. Luckily I have one barrel left, and, stepping on one side, I get him lengthways and fire at his heart, and he rolls over dead at Arthur's feet. We find him very large, and it takes six men to move him into a good position for skinning.

On our return we are treated to a tamasho by the natives as a recognition of our services. This consists of about 100 natives mounted on ponies gaily caparisoned, who make imaginary charges, stop dead, and throw their spears; it is a cruel sight, as

NATIVE TAMASHO.

they beat their ponies unmercifully, and pull them up on their haunches with a terrific bit, making their mouths a mass of blood and foam. We signify our disapproval by retiring to our zareba, and with orders that anybody disturbing us will be instantly dismissed.

We enjoy, after a most tiring morning, a delicious siesta. We have now killed five lions in six days, and, not getting any reports of lions either that night or the next morning, we move our camp again towards the country supposed to be thick with rhino. On the march that day Arthur shoots two fine wart hogs, and the next day shoots a rhino. He returns and tells me he is much pleased with the penetrating power of his 8-bore paradox, as, coming suddenly on the rhino, he fired at his heart, knocking him over on the spot, and on examination finding that the bullet had penetrated right through, and was embedded in the hide on the far side. The 8-bore paradox is much lighter than the ordinary 8-bore rifle, and seems, to judge from that day's exhibition, to be all that is required. My luck that day is bad, for, dropping on the same track, I follow it for some time until, looking up, I see the vultures circling round about

half a mile from where I am ; so, guessing that I am tracking a stiff-un, I go to the vultures and find the carcase of the rhino shot by Arthur.

Although we frequently get on these fresh tracks, we come to the conclusion that in this very dry weather they, the rhino, are very difficult of approach, the least noise disturbing them, and the distances they travel being very great. The next day we continue our march, about twelve miles N.N.W., and on Friday, 16th December, we march again about eight miles, and are glad to get two oryx for our men, one shot by Arthur with horns thirty-four inches, one by myself with horns of thirty-two inches. They are devoured by the natives in an incredibly short space of time, but we save by this one pound of rice and half a pound of dates per man. Finding only old tracks of rhino, we retrace our steps in the direction of Bolarli ; on the way Arthur gets a long shot at an ostrich, but misses him, pursuit being hopeless, as they literally go like the wind when disturbed.

That night, being 3600 feet above the sea, we are glad of a large fire and a chat with our Somalis. My syce amuses us by asking me if there are many lions and hyenas in England. The answer is obvious, that it is impossible in our country to go to

ORYX.

an evening tamasho for fear of meeting a lion, and that every big chief's table is surrounded by hyenas. The following morning I wake with a sore throat, a very painful thing in a hot climate. I fall across the fresh track of a lioness and two whelps, and have an interesting though painful pursuit, as I can see by the tracks that at times she is carrying one, at other times both, and sometimes the tracks of all three are visible. I, however, lose the track on stony ground, and return to camp and go to bed for two days, having, besides a sore throat, a slight attack of fever. Arthur returns very late, having shot a lioness, and having had a narrow shave. He had been after her and had disturbed her many times without being able to get a shot, until she became angry and charged straight out of a thick place at Arthur. In two bounds she cleared the interval between them, and Arthur killed her "clever" at his feet. After that we pursued the even tenor of our way due south towards the Shebeyli, a river rising, it is believed, in Southern Abyssinia, shooting as we marched a considerable number of *sæmmeringi*, a species of gazelle which lives on the open plains, and is, I fancy, only to be found in Abyssinia and Somali

Land. The stalking of them was somewhat more difficult than that of the other varieties we met ; living, as they do, entirely on the open plains, they are of necessity accustomed to the sight of natives. When the latter make their appearance, the sœmmeringi all look up and perhaps move on a little ; it is then necessary to begin making circles

OWL, OR SÆMMERINGI GAZELLE.

round them, being careful to put the natives *en evidence*, and making the circle smaller and smaller. It is rarely possible to approach nearer than 150 yards, and at that distance you must take the shot. The difficulty of selection of sexes also arises, for the females have horns as well as the males, the only difference being that those of the males are a little thicker.

While on this subject, I would advise all future sportsmen in this country to have the foresight of their rifles thoroughly blacked ; it is almost essential, and should be done in England, as compounds, such as ink, etc., very soon wear off.

On the march that day we came across a poor old Somali, his wife and two children, nearly dead with starvation, they having been robbed and nearly beaten to death by a village of Midgans, low-caste Somalis who live by robbing. They, the starved ones, had been robbed of five cows and ten sheep, which constituted their entire wealth. We managed to resuscitate the old man, but all our endeavours to save the old woman were futile.

Stern justice had to be done. We were in a country owing allegiance to nobody, and perfectly cognisant that any Englishman who visits that part of the world goes at his own risk ; we consider ourselves justified in the course we pursue. Having got a guide, Arthur starts off with half the army to capture the village, leaving me behind with the rest of the army, in case of attack on our encampment, as news has reached the enemy in some mysterious way of what we propose to do. The

little army sets off, and I set to work to strengthen the zareba and serve out all the available rifles. After that, I proceed to make a prison for our captives by making a small zareba in the middle of our big one, picking out the biggest thorn bushes I can find to make it of. Towards dusk, Arthur arrives with the whole village, having had some very exciting pursuits and captures. The village has been burnt, and he has driven in all the cattle he could find. It is a motley crew, with a malignant old chief at their head. The next morning the judge and jury are unanimous in their verdict, namely, that they shall all be well flogged. The sentence of the law is carried out, our Somalis evidently knowing the old proverb of spare the rod and spoil the child. They go to work with a will, and having selected a tree, the prisoners are each in their turn tied to it by their wrists, and receive their due punishment, till at last only the old chief remains. He is very old, too old, in fact, to be flogged, although he is the greatest ruffian of the lot, so it is decided that he shall be smacked "well," not "upon his back," to the intense delight of our followers and of his own too. We now turn them out of our zareba,

and inform them that if we find any of them lurking about, we shall not hesitate to shoot.

On the 29th of December we arrive at some villages and wells which suffer from a plague of lions. The natives show us the bleaching bones of one of their community who, having been delayed, had returned homewards after sundown, and been killed and eaten the previous day by a lion. To such a state of fear have the natives been reduced that they dare not venture outside their zareba after six o'clock, and, hearing of our arrival, wait upon us, imploring us to rid them of the lions that are preying upon them.

I must here remark that after having accomplished their wishes, the fountain of their gratitude immediately ran dry, and that if we had not taken what we wanted, being always scrupulously honest about paying, we should not have been able to provide sufficient food for our miniature army. In the afternoon Arthur and I take a stroll round the villages, and finding that it is stony ground and impossible to trail, we decide upon making two zarebas, one at each end of the villages, which extend for a distance of perhaps two hundred and fifty yards; Arthur very gene-

rously giving me the end where the bleaching bones of the dead native is lying. Our shikaries now set to work and make our two zarebas, inside which we instal ourselves at six o'clock, tethering a donkey outside each, within a few feet of the muzzle of the gun.

I think the following narrative will prove that a hungry lion accustomed to easy conquests is afraid of nothing. For the first two hours the silence is only broken by the grunts of the camels in the villages, distant about fifty yards from my zareba. The moon, which has up till now been shedding its shadows on every side athwart the trees, gives symptoms by its failing light that it will shortly be setting. A shout first of one voice, then of many from the villages, warns us that the lions are prowling around. One lion attempts to jump into the natives' zareba, then all is quiet. My poor donkey begins to tremble, and I wish devoutly that his life may not be sacrificed for the good of the many; a vain thought, for at that moment, there is a rush, a spring, and a thud, and the next moment it is all over. Dark as it is, my eyes, accustomed to the darkness, perceive a lion lying panting almost alongside

the donkey—I can distinctly hear each breath, not being five yards distant; it seems an eternity waiting; my rifle is raised; he rises, showing me the shoulder over the dead donkey. I fire, and am answered by a deep growl, and the lion disappears in the jungle opposite. In the depths of despair, I await events, thinking that I have disgraced myself by missing. Having put in another cartridge, I rest my rifle on the ground, and run through the gamut of emotions such as are only felt by an unsuccessful sportsman. All is quiet, a minute has scarcely elapsed, the smoke of my rifle is leisurely ascending when suddenly, with one bound from the jungle opposite, arrives a lion. I hear him tearing the flesh of the donkey as I lean down and grasp my rifle; as I raise it he evidently hears me, he looks up; my opportunity has come, I fire and hit him between the eyes, killing him instantly, his body lying beside the donkey. My night is not yet over, for quiet reigns again, only to be broken a quarter of an hour after by the hyenas, who, having scented blood, collect in great numbers. Their numbers increasing, they become very bold, and I fear that they will spoil the skin of the dead lion. I clap my hands, they hesitate for a

moment, then advance and take a cautious bite at the lion. A happy thought seizes me. I do not wish to shoot again, for fear of spoiling Arthur's chance, who is only about two hundred and fifty yards from me, but I have in my pocket a box of fusees, and for two hours I keep up an effectual bombardment, for whenever the hyenas approach within biting distance of the lion, I throw a lighted fusee in their faces.

We are by now used to seeing the sun rise, but I do not think that I ever welcomed him before with such enthusiasm. At his advent the hyenas skulk away, and I am glad to find that my lion is only very slightly torn by them. Having supervised the skinning of the lion, I return to camp, after a superficial view around, for I fancy that there have been two lions about. I find Arthur at breakfast, and relate to him the story of the night. With his experience of lion shooting, he assures me that he thinks there were two lions, and he is at once confirmed in this theory by a native who arrives with the news that his cattle have been frightened quite close to the village by a lion. We set out at once, and come upon the track of a bleeding lion, and, after ten

CAMP NEAR WARANDAH.

minutes' tracking, the lion breaks cover, charging into the middle of us. Arthur fires and rolls him over, I fire also, hitting him vitally. On examination we find that this is the lion who had killed the donkey, and I find that my bullet had broken his shoulder, which accounted for his growl, but the shot was too low to touch his heart. He turns out to be a fine dark-maned lion of about ten feet seven inches from nose to tail.

Leaving next day, we continue our southward march, shooting sufficient game to keep our larder always well stocked; and on Sunday, the 1st of January, we arrive at Warendab, where we determine to give the camels a couple of days' rest. We have, so far, been very successful in keeping them well and free from sore backs, but our ponies are very thin and weak, and require some good grass. The plains are dotted with villages as the grass is still fresh here, and we also find for the first time signs of rude cultivation. The air is full of rumours of lions, and next day we are summoned to follow a lion who had been engaged in the fascinating pursuit of *la chasse à la femme*. Luckily for the woman, as the lion was stealthily stalking her, she

had woke up, and, on her jumping up, the lion had trotted away. We follow him, but with no success, only catching a glimpse of him as he disappears into a bush. Lions are not the only destroyers of the flocks and herds here, as the country round is infested by panthers, but they seem to have all the cunning of the cat tribe, although they are very nasty customers to tackle, especially when wounded, as their movements are very quick.

That day, while out trying to shoot something for the pot, and taking Jerry the dog, I came across a panther just disappearing into a patch of jungle. I took a snap shot, hitting him a little too far aft. Jerry had seen him too, and dashed off in pursuit, going to certain death with the greatest possible pluck.

Shortly afterwards, I hear Jerry in full cry, and then the sinister growling of the panther. Realizing that the tables are now turned, and that the panther is in pursuit of the dog, I get as close to the bush as possible, feeling sure the dog will break cover and return to me. My anticipations are fulfilled. I hear the growling of the approaching panther, and almost at my feet I see my poor dog struggling gamely towards me

on three legs, the panther having the fourth in his mouth. I fire, slightly flesh-wounding the dog, but killing the panther. On examination I find that poor Jerry's hind leg has been nearly bitten through, and he is at my feet, moaning piteously. To give him some water from my water bottle and bind up the lacerated leg is a matter of a few moments, but to get any help from my Somalis is I know an impossibility. A dog is an unclean animal, and according to them the sooner he dies the better. The camp being about seven miles off, there is nothing to be done but to put the dog on my shoulder and start. I can see that my Somalis are agitated: the fact that the great sahib wishes to save the life of a wretched dog appeals to them. An animated consultation takes place. Meanwhile I trudge steadily on, the poor dog, although his tongue is parched, trying every now and again to lick my hand. After I have proceeded about a mile, my first shikari, a splendid specimen of his race, comes to me, and asks me to lend him my gloves. I must here explain that we had to provide ourselves with what in England would be called garden gloves, for, stalking game very often, and having to crawl on our

stomachs as we had to do frequently, our hands, if not protected in that way, would have been lacerated by thorns, as every tree and bush is bristling with formidable spikes very often more than two inches long. In a tone of indifference, though really guessing what was coming, I ask the shikari why he wants my gloves? He answers that he proposes to make a litter for the dog, and that if I will take one end of it, he, provided with the gloves, will take the other, and by this means he will escape pollution. We make a stretcher and reach camp in about two hours. A consultation is held, and Arthur advises what he terms a friendly bullet for poor Jerry, and while reluctantly acquiescing, I take a stroll, alone with my feelings, in order to escape even the sound of the fatal shot. Revenge is sweet, for during the next three days Arthur kills two panthers and I kill one. We now leave the big camp to rest, and depart with a small flying camp about twenty miles to the westward, and come upon some fresh villages that are literally decimated by the depredations of the lions and panthers.

Having pitched our camp, we await the news, and as long as I live I shall never forget the four days

TWO LIONS SHOT BY A. PAGET.

we spent there. Almost as soon as we arrived, a native brought us the news that a panther had rushed into the middle of his flock of sheep and killed one. Arthur, although suffering from fever, his temperature being 102, starts off, and, as it is quite close, returns in triumph with a fine panther. The next day he gets another, and the following day I also get one. We have now in a small degree begun to restore confidence to a community absolutely terrorized by lions and panthers, but the natives, as we gather, are still very doubtful as to our power of killing lions too. They are somewhat reassured by Arthur's performance next day, when he shoots the two lions depicted on page 69. Not having been present, I can give no account of what took place. I had moved on with a small camp about twelve miles, where, I had been told, some rhino had been seen; but on my return after an unsuccessful rhino pursuit, Arthur showed me the two skins, and we both agreed that they were two of the finest animals we had hitherto shot. At dinner, the conversation turned on the new partition of this enormous continent. In the south a vast industry in the production of gold

and diamonds will no doubt help home industries, as in return for the gold and diamonds we shall be able to send our manufactured goods at a profit. In Egypt the cotton crop is of great value, as it will enable the native growers to become, in prosperous years, large purchasers of commodities.

The equatorial district through which we are now travelling, must, we think, entirely depend, first, on its goats, which make very good skins; secondly, on its herds, which will in the future supply them with food; and thirdly, on such varieties as ostrich feathers and gum of a very superior quality.

The only indication of mineral wealth we have come across so far is the undoubted evidence of iron. In certain spots our compasses, when placed on the ground, begin to oscillate, thereby proving the presence of iron ore. With regard to our compasses, which we always have with us, it is very interesting, and I have myself done it on many occasions, to ask any of our natives to point out the direction of certain places, such as Berbera, our point of departure, Zeila, or other well-known points; they are invariably right, and their power of finding the way even to a quarter of a mile of the

line of march is wonderful. Being out to-day on the fresh track of rhino, and following it for at least four hours in what I had imagined to be a contrary direction to that in which the cafala was moving, I was surprised, when giving up a hopeless stern chase, to find from my shikari that we are quite close to camp.

I must here mention that the cafala is on the march. On asking him what grounds he has for what appears to me to be an impossibility, he informs me that he has smelt a wood fire. Off we start, and true enough, after about two miles we come upon the camp; it had halted ten miles earlier than had been arranged, owing to some of the camels having sore backs. By this wonderful perception on the part of my shikari, I am saved a twenty miles' tramp; but for him I should have had to go ten miles to where I knew the camp ought to be, and then ten miles more on the return journey.

Accustomed as we were by this time to the depredations of lions, I must confess that the sight we witnessed the following morning beat all our previous experiences. We were quietly riding along together in front of the line of march when

we suddenly came upon a veritable miniature battle-field, and there and then became the eye-witnesses of the invasion of a flock of sheep by two lions and three lionesses. They dashed into the middle, killing right and left, the ground was strewn with carcasses. Horror of horrors, the shepherdess seems fated to be the next victim ; a lion bounds past her, not so a lioness who follows him ; with one blow all is over, and she is stretched lifeless on the ground. To tell the story takes time, the actual occurrence was a matter of a few seconds. The lions scatter. We hurry up, bend over the girl, only to find that all is over ; her features are graceful, and on closing her eyes she gives one the impression that life with all its cares and troubles being ended, she is now at peace.

Words are few ; our shikaries come up ; we take up separate tracks, and before nightfall our work of revenge has begun ; we each return with a lion, and that night Arthur, although suffering at the time from fever, makes a zareba over the pile of sheep, and, before morning, returns with two lionesses and the news that he has wounded a third. Our revenge is complete, for two days afterwards the natives bring in the dead body of

the third lioness. With varied success we now push on through a country barren in the extreme, withered by the sun, and nearly, if not quite, destitute of animal life. Water is only found at distances varying between twenty-five and fifty miles, and owing to the absence of grass our ponies are beginning to get very thin, and to spare them we now each of us march the whole day, and if we are fortunate enough to kill food, we put no further burden than the haunches on our ponies, being anxious in every way to spare them. We have already had to shoot five, and look with a certain amount of apprehension to the future. Before leaving England, Arthur had assured me that he had prepared for every possible contingency, but at that point of our expedition we certainly found ourselves, not perhaps quite at a loss, but not in that state of preparation deemed necessary in England for such "an interesting event" as I will now relate. Travelling slowly in a southerly direction, we had that day taken an afternoon march, and it being too hot to think of shikar, we were riding together, when we saw Arthur's shikari showing signs that he had seen something. We both shook our heads, thinking that he had most

probably seen an antelope of some kind or other, and, having plenty of food, we did not care for unnecessary slaughter. There was, however, something more in it than met our eyes. The shikari starts off at a run, and we perforce follow. He naturally, having very few clothes on, gains on us, and we see him pointing for a solitary tree a little distance ahead. At the foot of the tree we find a woman and a two-day-old piece of humanity, both wrapped up in a small piece of cloth. After having drunk some water, she tells her tale. From it we gather that she is a married lady of two years' standing; that lately, her husband, having acquired a new wife, determined to send her, the first wife, back to her father, who lived about a hundred and fifty miles off. Finding a gentleman friend who was about to visit the paternal village, he entrusts his first wife to his care, informing him casually of the interesting event which would shortly take place. To his wife he gives his blessing and a bit of cloth as a present to her father, and, with the feeling that he has behaved extremely handsomely, returns to his second love. The gentleman friend sets out, but finding that the interesting event is at any moment imminent, first steals the bit

of cloth, and then leaves the unhappy woman to die. Her narrative now becomes vivid ; left alone, during the first night, the child is born ; she is surrounded on every side during this and the two following nights by hyenas, and has the greatest difficulty in keeping them off. They are prepared, luckily for her, to play a waiting game, and fortunately, as she puts it, no lion had come her way. We put her on a camel, and take her with us. On arriving in camp we hold a consultation, and we come to the conclusion that condensed milk, all we have, half and half with water, will be the safest diet for the piccaniny. Three days afterwards we leave them at some villages we pass, mother and child progressing as favourably as can be expected.

Up till now we had been passing through a district, all of whose natives claimed to belong to the same clan, namely, Ogaden, but as a matter of fact every man's hand was against another's, and although claiming to be all Ogadens, they had only one right to be all classed alike, namely, their unanimity in being unable to distinguish between *meum* and *tuum*, which being interpreted means that they are all acknowledged thieves and cattle-lifters. But we learn that, on approaching the

river Shiebeyli, we shall have virtually left the country of the Ogadens, and will find ourselves amongst tribes such as the Hammer, the Adone, and the Aoulechan, whose features proclaim them to be near relations to the gentlemen who in the south of North America will welcome you with effusion as a guest in the hotel of which they are for the moment waiters, previous to undertaking the more serious responsibilities which possibly lie before them.

On the evening of the 20th of January, after dinner, we are waited upon by a deputation of our head men, who tell us that we are now entirely out of their country; and with many and varied speeches convey the impression to our minds, that, in their opinion, the sooner we return towards the coast the better. Luckily Arthur has the gift of laughing at their fears without hurting their feelings, and before they leave their courage has returned, and being at least extremely loyal, they infuse confidence amongst the rest of our followers. At the same time we ourselves cannot blink the fact that we are now amongst tribes about whom nothing is known except that one of the largest on the other side

of the river, by name Gallas, is supposed to be hostile.

That evening, while strolling about outside the camp with my gun, I come across a large snake coiled up and fast asleep, having just made a meal off a dik dik, the small deer about the size of a hare, previously mentioned in this diary. Choosing the place where his head ought to be, I fire, and after he has uncoiled his full length and attempted to escape, I let drive again and kill him. The natives tell me that their name for him is Abasso, and that if bitten by him you will most surely die. I found him to be beautifully marked, and on my return, at the request of the British Museum, I had much pleasure in presenting him to the authorities there, he being the first specimen they have received. It may be useful here to note that in collecting such specimens as snakes it is always necessary to keep the vertebræ, as well as the skin, as without that they are useless to collections such as that of the British Museum, etc.

Continuing my stroll, I suddenly find myself on a cliff with a precipitous fall of about eight hundred feet, and for the first time for two months I feast my eyes on really green trees, really green

grass and running water; the last of all being, perhaps, the most delightful. The river is distant about ten miles from where I am standing, and with this joyful news I return to camp. In the best of spirits we start next day for the goal towards which we have tended all the while, and descending by a pass called Ger Midgan, we arrive on the plain, and shortly afterwards pitch our camp near the river in grass quite three feet high, of great luxuriance and extreme coarseness. Having made an extra strong zareba, we await the visit of the chief, placing sentries on duty during the daytime as well as at night. We have not long to wait, for in the distance we perceive about a hundred natives on ponies galloping in our direction. We take our seats, and as they ride up to the entrance of the zareba our sentries, with great courtesy and still greater firmness, ask for the loan of their spears and swords, pointing out that we, the great sahibs, being unarmed, it would be a breach of native courtesy not to meet us in the same spirit. A box is placed for the chief, the rest having to stand, and the utmost formality is observed. We inform him that we are on a peaceful errand in search of

RIVER SHEBEYLI.

sport ; at which he looks extremely incredulous ; also that, if he chooses to help us, we shall make him a present ; if, on the contrary, he chooses to attack us, we inform him that we are in possession of one hundred bandooks, each of which is capable of killing ten men placed one behind another, and to prove that we speak true words we order up our lion-skins for inspection. With grave dignity he examines them, then with a sudden change of front he becomes obsequious, and implores us to help him against a powerful neighbour who only a few days ago had looted him, carrying away all his wives and a large proportion of his cattle. We with difficulty hide our satisfaction on hearing this, as it is a proof that, as is nearly always the case, there is no cohesion amongst the tribes, and therefore little fear of a combined attack. We now inform him that he must fight his own battles, and with a present of cloth dismiss him.

In the afternoon, being extremely fond of fishing, I go down to the river with a rod, which I had brought with me, and some very strong tackle and spoon bait. The natives are very interested in my gear, especially the spoon bait,

and when on the second cast I, as the Irishmen call it, meet a crocodile, their delight is intense. The line runs out, and then comes the inevitable smash. I now try again, but this time with a hook bated with a piece of pigeon which I shot for the occasion, and letting it sink, I am at once taken by a fish, and after a hard fight for a few minutes I land a twenty-pound, coarse-looking fish with immense feelers, altogether a weird-looking beast. I catch four more, all between sixteen and twenty pounds, and on cooking one for dinner, Arthur finds it excellent ; my taste, however, differing, as I have never cared for any fish that does not visit the sea. The next day we arrange to cross the river with a small camp, as we hear there are plenty of zebra on the other side. After much bargaining, the natives offer to ferry us over on the raft as shown opposite for twenty arms' length of cotton which we have with us. The stream is very rapid and full of crocodiles, of whom the natives have a wholesome dread ; and with a considerable experience of crocodiles in other parts of the world, I must confess that I have never before seen either such big or such bold ones as these are. The natives find it necessary, when watering their cattle,

CROSSING THE SHEEYLI ON A RAFT.

to build a zareba in the water, at the same time splashing the water with long boughs all the time. Even with all these precautions they lose a great many of their cattle, and it is not an unfrequent sight to see a native minus an arm or leg, the joint having been cleanly severed by a crocodile. In smoking-rooms in England I have often heard discussions about the merits of different-sized shot, but I never imagined it to be a question of such vital importance as we found it to-day. Having made an early start, we were quietly standing by the side of the river, superintending the arrangements for crossing, surrounded by all the natives from the villages near, when Arthur sees four big geese fly straight towards him, and not very high up. Having his 12-bore paradox and number 5 shot, he fires at the leading one, and although plastering it all over, it still carries on and also survives the second barrel. Instantly it flashes across me that this will have a bad effect on the natives, and so it turns out. The natives, who up to now have been standing in little groups, all draw together, and are evidently discussing the failure of much-vaunted bandook; operations cease, and we draw together all our men, twenty in number.

The natives are now getting excited, and Abdi, our interpreter, tells us they are saying that if the gun will not kill a goose, it certainly will not kill a man. Getting bolder and bolder, the natives begin to raise their spears, and we feel that the time has very nearly come to fire. It is evident that if hostilities are to commence, we must begin, for if we wait for the discharge of at least 1000 spears, there will be none of our party left to fire. And now a little accident occurs which virtually saves our lives, for we see a little boy, who, we learn afterwards, had seen the goose Arthur had shot at lying dead about 100 yards off, rush into the middle of the crowd, and in a frightened voice telling them what he has seen. The effect is magical; the natives simply, quietly, and silently vanish away, and we hear afterwards that their respect for the bandook is so great that they will not go within 100 yards of where the dead goose is lying, for fear of future, fearful developments.

The progress of crossing is now rather delayed, and the sun is high in the heavens before we are all safely across, our only loss being a pony, who, in struggling up the farther bank, broke a blood vessel and had to be shot. The country round we

SHEEP TETHERED UP FOR CROCODILE.

find to be open, and going about ten miles due south, we find game very plentiful, and for the first time see tracks of zebra. Early next day we start and come up, both of us in different directions, with herds of zebra. We shoot seven in all,

ZEBRA GREVU.

though neither of us like the job, as they are too like man's best friend. However, as this is a new kind, although we did not know it at the time, we now feel justified. It is called Grevii, and we find that ours are the first complete specimens

that have arrived in England. Having surveyed about eighty miles of this country, and learned from the natives that there is another river about fifteen days' march from the Shebeyli, and that the country is much the same—namely, mimosa all the way—we return to our big camp, which we had left on the north bank of the river.

The river, fifteen days' march off, which would be about one hundred and fifty miles, is the Juba, a river rising, it is believed, in lower Abyssinia. Then again two hundred and seventy miles further to the south is the Tana, the river down which Sir Gerald Portal came on his return from Uganda; and from a conversation I afterwards had with Sir Gerald Portal, I found that he thought that the watershed of these two rivers—namely, the Tana and the Juba—is very near to the sources of the Blue Nile. And so, whoever crosses these four hundred and twenty miles will come in touch with the Uganda route; and if he makes a map, very great service will be rendered, as the whole of this country will then have been traversed.

Travelling all the next day, we arrive at a large permanent village called Galadi, and find the country about here extensively cultivated; and we

RESULT.

pass through a district which is planted with Dhurra. This village of Galadi is connected with the further bank by a raft; and we find that an extensive trade with the interior is carried on here. Resting the *cafala* for a day, we ride on to the village of Barri, and for the first time cross the line of march of the brothers James. We may take this opportunity of congratulating them on their survey, as we find by comparison that there is only a difference of something under four miles in the position of Barri as placed by themselves and Vine, our cartographer. We have all through arranged for the carrying of our chronometer by natives, slinging it on a pole, the pole being placed on their shoulders, and we have reason to believe that it has kept very good time.

The river Shebeyli, along which we have been marching, is here well wooded on both banks, and is now nearly a flood—the water being very brown. The natives, however, tell us that at certain times of the year they can step across it, and that the hippopotami are found in great numbers a little lower down. This river, according to the natives, never reaches the ocean, but is

said to lose itself in a vast morass within a few miles of Madisha.

Having now fulfilled the object of our expedition, we begin to consider our homeward route. After careful inquiry as to the different wells we determine to return viâ Faf, and leaving Galadi on the 2nd February, we arrive on the 6th at Faf,

GIRANOOK—GAZELLE.

shooting some chotah koodo, some giranook owl, and, near the river, some fine specimens of water-buck.

Up till now our camp has been entirely free from fever and sickness of any kind, but at this juncture, namely, the 11th February, nearly a quarter of our men are down with fever and consequently unable to march. We are unable to determine whether it had been caught at the river,

SOMALI NATIVES NEAR GALADI.

or whether the district we are now in is unhealthy ; however, it is evident that we must give our men a rest.

That evening I find my temperature at 105, so I go between the blankets, having previously been given a pint of champagne by Arthur, and this proves most efficacious.

The next morning our cook died of fever, and finding that there is some higher ground about fourteen miles away, we determine at any cost to move there, so starting at four a.m., with my temperature at 104, we march slowly on, carrying all our sick men on camels, myself amongst the number.

We now have considerable difficulty with our natives, as, directly they are attacked by fever, they want to lie down and die, or rather imagine they are going to die. I must confess that the delirium at night brought on by the fever is far from pleasant, and I fear that for the last two nights I disturbed the rest of my companion by my ravings. He is an excellent doctor, however, having become acquainted with fever while serving during the Ashantee and Burmah wars, and is a devout believer in the remedy of

quinine, and it is, I believe, the only cure for this kind of fever that is of the slightest use.

Lying to-day in the tent with my temperature at 103, looking up at a hill in front of me, I perceive first one, then altogether five large koodo, standing out against the sky-line, and apparently gazing down some 300 feet at our zareba. It is more than flesh and blood and fever can stand, so hastily calling my second shikarie, my first being *in extremis* with fever, I start in pursuit. Skirting the bottom of the hill and getting the wind right, I climb up with the idea of getting above them, knowing, as most sportsmen will confirm, that antelope seldom anticipate danger from above. Pouring with perspiration, I am just getting ready to fire when I hear a shot from the other side of the hill, and off dash the koodo. I do not fire, as I am afraid of only wounding, as they are at least 200 yards off. I return to camp minus the koodo, but my stalk has not been entirely in vain, for to my intense pleasure I find I am minus the fever as well. Arthur, on his return, brings in a fine oryx, and this, of course, is the shot I had heard.

We are forced to remain at this camp for some days, for nearly the whole camp is down with fever,

CHOTAH KOODO.

and consequently there is nobody to load the camels, but we find it is a good sporting country, and we are lucky enough to get some fine chotah koodo heads, which are, I think, the prettiest and most symmetrical to be shot in Somali Land. Vine, our cartographer, now causes us considerable anxiety, for although pluckily sticking to his work, it is evident that he is far from well, and we are also beginning to find that a terrible inroad has been made into our stock of quinine. Starting, as we did, with over 2000 pills of three grains each, we find that we must now begin to economize. I find that taking two pills at four in the morning and two at night is the best way of keeping off the fever, and I also, at the earnest request of Arthur, give up my evening tub, contenting myself with every now and then a bath in the middle of the day. It seems the opinion of all travellers that a bath at sundown is dangerous in fever districts, and I also am convinced that such is the case.

Moving on very slowly, not marching more than ten miles a day, and always avoiding the heat of the day, we arrive on the 15th at some wells containing really good water, and hear that the country has lately been visited by the Abyssinians,

who have killed, robbed, and mutilated a great many natives. The barbarity of these professing Christians is very great, for though we do not believe all we hear, we personally come across cases of the utmost cruelty perpetrated by them.

On approaching Warendab, while riding quietly along early in the morning, I meet a native who tells me that during the night he has met a lion ; so, riding to the place, I get on his track, and after two miles I find a place where he has evidently killed a dik dik, and am surprised on measuring it to see the enormous spring he must have made to kill it. After about half an hour's easy tracking I come to a likely place, so stealing quietly round I find no tracks of his leaving ; then sending my syce and the native who had seen the lion to beat, I await at the other end of the cover. I have only with me my 12-bore paradox, but am quite satisfied with the result, for, on the lion breaking cover, I hit him in the heart, and he gives me no further trouble. He turns out to be a big one, and, although without much mane, measures ten foot ten inches when pegged out.

Shooting as we march sufficient to make soup for our sick men, we on the 3rd of March are lucky

OUR OSTRICHES.

enough to come upon an ostrich nest with eighteen eggs, and with the cock bird, as is sometimes their habit, sitting on the nest. He is off like the wind without giving us the chance of a shot, but we are very lucky in hatching the eggs, as out of the eighteen, eleven come out, and we carry them with us all the way to Berbera.

Every day we hear more and more of the doings of the Abyssinians, and on the 9th we come up with them. We find that they consist of ten men, all armed with rifles, and that they have taken eighty sheep and sixty camels from the natives. As they can produce no documents to show that they are in any way authorized in what they are doing, we feel justified in returning the camels and sheep to the Somalis who had been robbed, and telling the Abyssinians that they had better return whence they came.

My time getting short, and our supply of quinine beginning to get short also, we decide that I shall proceed as quickly as possible to the coast, while Arthur will move in a more leisurely way in the same direction. So after a farewell tiffin I leave my five months' travelling companion on the 10th of March and set out on my solitary journey of

about two hundred miles, which I accomplish in nine days, and immediately on arrival at Berbera, despatch a mounted messenger with a new supply of quinine, which I am glad to hear arrived in safety, and had most beneficial results.

Such has been our life for the last five months, and we only hope that the very carefully prepared map we have made will be of use to future travellers in this most interesting corner of Eastern Africa.

THE END.

228
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